



Canibus Lyrics

"Melatonin Magik"

(feat. Professor Griff)

This is Melatonin Magik...

Sumerian, Chinese, Egyptian, Latin
Nobody can match Canibus when I'm rappin (what happened?)
Captain Cold Crush get it crackin
There's more than one person right now that's not laughin
Squash microphones with unknown chromosomes
To discover the codes that controls the brain's frontal lobes
The pineal gland glows (go! go! go!)
Don't look back, I got ya back bro
He's a high profile target, code name Sergeant Armpits
He was Rakim Allah's first artist
Lemme bus' em; naw, I'm a punish em, Ra
I'm a show you how the mothafuckin government lie
Got nothin to do with pride, you must realize
Few of us will be alive by Solar Cycle 25
I tried to look for solutions, that's not enough time
They won't be satisfied til every one of us die
Aight, calm the fuck down and listen to my rhymes
The only way that you can free yourself is your mind
First thing you gotta do is put the antagonism behind
Then you gotta put ya life on the line
The reward is great; the risk? Even greater
Fellowship can only make a Braveheart braver
Watch who you followin, watch who you praisin
"Yes We Can" backwards is "Thank You Satan"
YES I'm Jamaican; YES I'm a patriot
NO I will not forsake you for a paycheck
YES this is victory, YES I can taste it
NO I'm not a Mason, I'm followin my trainin
They monitor my body functions from central London
My heart rate is thumpin, I suffer from numbness
A robot arm shoves the drugs in
My scrubs are disgustin and sullen, I smell like cub skin
Funky, funky, funky odor; Bridgewater, South Dakota
My spit fizz like soda, I'm in a coma
In a pagoda, nurse McLovin
Says she wouldn't fuck me if I was her husband
Don't trust the bitch
I'm in a warehouse alone
I hear doors open and close,
No phone, no intercom controls
Wouldn't matter anyway I'm in a paranormal zone
Goose bumps grow, I could hear a few ghosts moan
I'm a mastermind, tryin to amplify the frequency of the rhyme
So I can learn to fly

So yeah, fuck a punchline
I'm past that prime, that's not a crime
So go find someone else to dick ride
Focus on the truth, it's long overdue
It woulda never happened if I told you what I wanted to do
The Inconvenient Truth is a convenient truth
012 solar cycle 24 commin soon
I promise you Canibus achieved the impossible
It's only logical it's time for the truth
Whether I'm gonna be around to witness it or not
I spit this shit for hip-hop
Twitter niggas type their hype they write Canibus smash the mic
Cause you can't blackball the light
They know my hands always been tied
You call that a fight?
Give me the mic I call in an airstrike
Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide
There's some things in this worls that money can't buy
Respect, honor, fuck it, it's all corrupted
The media can not be trusted
You shouldn't need a budget, to rep hip-hop
You don't have to suck dick just to get your shot
Just work with what you got
Don't be a robot, be human
Influenced by hip-hop music

It ain't nothin like
It ain't nothin like
It ain't nothin like hip-hop music
It ain't nothin like
It ain't nothin like
It ain't nothink like hip-hop music
50 plus bars is some new shit
It's called Melatonin Magik and music
50 plus bars is some new shit
It's called Melatonin Magik and music
No bullshit
Take it back to 1997 exclusive clue shit
The most intrusive MC in hip-hop music
Lyrically you can't do shit

Canibus Lyrics

"Kriminal Kindness"

(feat. Professor Griff)

[Canibus:]

Yo,

I've been dealing with hate since 1998
I punished the industry by dominating mixtapes
None of ya'll can stop the onslaught of those bars
Rainfall and fireballs fell from the stars
The speech pattern of God, I ripped off weak rappers jaws
Whoever ignored lyrical law
Hip Hop didn't understand it at all
They couldn't manage my thoughts
So I retreated to the land of the lost
Don't talk about beats talk about bars
Canibus so raw that rejection is your only response
Give a fuck if I sell one unit
'Cause that was never the motivation for me to do this, stupid
I've already proved it
Now I must prepare for my posthumous interview with the vampire Druids
That are coming to relieve me of my fluids
Believe me I'm the truest, that's why they can't stop my music

[Professor Griff:]

The coming casteless slave society
Obviously the government lied to me
The Illuminati's kidnap of Hip Hop is plain to see
Dead or alive you heard it from the Can-I-B

[Canibus:]

Yo,

I will not forsake the light, you can not force me to fight
I will always pay the ultimate price
Whether I am wrong or whether I am right
I've been a martyr all of my life, my archetype talks to the mic
I eat emcees on behalf of Iron Mike
I'm a fireball of the night, an extra-terrestrial airstrike
Call me on Skype tonight, we can talk if you like
I denounce fear like Steven Greer and his wife
The subject matter sound barely connected
Even when it's understood it's rarely respected
The evidence is staring directly at the detective
Alex Jones left me a message saying I won't be accepted
NOW who's the skeptic
The Melatonin Magik Deception
I will never be available for questions, get the fuck out my session
I've learned my lesson, media suppression is a weapon
They fucked up Hip Hop's progression

[Professor Griff:]

Yes

Melatonin Magik, Melatonin Magik,
Melatonin Magik, Melatonin Magik

[Canibus:]

How many emcees must get dissed, before somebody whispers don't fuck with Bis

My Survival Skills surpass Kris, watch this

You got a rap for every emcee? GO GET IT THEN!

Why you dick ride Def Jam, they not your friend?

Make your mind up, I thought you was not with them

Fucking comedy, speaking on flawed philosophy

You'll never give props to Keith,

Or Canibus for Underdogs release

Go right ahead, dismiss it,

We ain't submissive, we spit lyrical lyrics

I got the right of to live off it, I live it

And I'm a voice my opinion, can't nobody make me think different

My spirit feels like it's in a prison

I speak on the music conspiracy but nobody wanna listen

I talked about this shit years ago

I told my family if they kill us don't be scared to go

Canibus Lyrics

"Hip-Hop Black Ops"

(feat. Professor Griff)

[Canibus:]

The Nephilium Pharaoh, the three thousand year old scarecrow
Hang you from your nose on a square pole
The squid faced rock beast with swamp croc teeth
And a two headed parrot with a desert fatigue beak
Step out the depths of Hell, exhale sceptic smells
Decorate my bitch breasts with bells
The arthropod tentacles controlled by mental vegetables
Calculated correctitude down to the decimal
Spectacles of doom and gloom and sonic booms
Republicans ride brooms around nuclear mushrooms
You are safe from the nuclear fallout
Now you will crawl out into the hands of a monster now
The best emcee turned his launch codes over to me
On my command you will turn the key and we'll see
You know nothing of discipline, you can never go where the Ripper's been
The maze in those caves are infinite

[Chorus x2: Canibus]

Can't stop, won't stop, Hip Hop Black Ops
The aftermath aftershock is a disaster in a box
With a blue and red ribbon, your writtens were uploaded to the system
The satellite showed me your position

[Canibus:]

The text is a sick rep for Rippers
The leaders have discovered we the sickest and they wanna sit with us
Through the computer viewer cube like peritubular
Project: Blueberry Fuscia, one of the two possible futures
Revolution Ripper movement you can't stop it
You can't change the outcome, stop resisting stupid
I write what some would call marathon songs
The music industry tried to banish long bars
Your story is weak, your inventory's shorter than your feet
Every week I slaughter seven beats
I'm the 'Beast from the East'
My title can't be touched nowhere on the street
I hear a lot of emcees speak
They fail to recognise that it ain't about beef
I took it to the streets, I took it to the stage
If I believe I am not the illest I'm insane

[Chorus x2: Canibus]

[Canibus:]

The vocal spitter serial killer

Heads up display with a ticker and a pitcher and picture of the Ripper
Neurotransmitters hooked up to his central nervous system
It feeds him the purpose and the vision
Jailbreak but not out of prison
Internal hard drive spinning eighty-eight lyrics per minute
For global transmission, the funky technician on a mission
Strapped to a suicide written
Inside my own mind scripting altruistic composition
Musician, wisdom is God-given
Anoint him with oil, anoint him with wine
Anoint them both with Tesla coils if they quoin my rhymes
I make things real, I make things that ain't, sound I'll
A very good screen writing skill
My higher self is outside the realm where time is felt
Inside Orion's Belt, get them

Canibus Lyrics

"The Dragon Of Judah"

(feat. Professor Griff)

[Canibus:]

Yeah, The Dragon of Judah
Melatonin Magik producer

Yeah,

Mr. Magorium's metaphor emporium
Vanglorious warriors with deep space euphoria
The Dragon of Judah executed the Lion from Narnia
I'm still trying to build God's army up
The pedagogy tried to call me a communist
And pacify my audience, sprinkle them with zombie dust
The isosceldren is a prison for a three headed demon, Hip Hop behemoth
Knowledge is needed to argue with the followers of Jesus
Rearranging impossible peices, my quantum is increasing
I am sleeping in a posturpedic, deeply breathing
Dreaming a chakra site-seeing, philosophically speaking
I saw Ghandi weakening from now eating
I saw police brutality beatings
I saw the leaders getting into spaceships and leaving
I tried to search for possible meanings
But I couldn't see the logical reasoning
Said survival of the species, no Macbook no PCs
No electricity, no TV
No emcee battles, no Christmas carols
Just international?
Brown produce consumed by sick cattle
Bone thin mammals hooked up to intravenous vaccination panels
Collecting contaminated skin samples
This is not natural, God damn you!
Everybody on the planet don't deserve that, not even the animals
You are completely culpable for everything you're supposed to do
Even if it's not known to you
The weight of the language I spoke to you
The weight of the letters and the words in the rhymes that I wrote for you
Are so so emotional, I don't even know what to do
So I'm a leave the choice up to you

Dragon of Judah

I spit like a supernatural computer
Professor Bis, I'm with the Minister of Intelligence
Hold me down Professor Griff

[Professor Griff:]

Minds that produce minds that produce minds like mines

[Canibus:]

Now everyone want to talk about conspiracy
You should of took Channel Zero more seriously
Professor Bis got a ghetto Ph.D in Chemistry
Professor Griff taught me how to spit it lyrically
Now I'm part of the Ministry
Put my name on the blacklist
'Cause I don't dickride nobody in the industry
Where's the fuckin' empathy? I've been through so much treachery
Most of the best emcees disrespected me and tried to get the best of me
Never tried to rescue me or help me with the recipe
What do they expect from me!?
Stressin' me, questionin' me to address the beef
I rep Hip Hop, Hip Hop don't rep me
I never got a penny off that Beef DVD
You mean all that money went to QD3?
I should have slammed the door in his face
If I was a different nigga, I'da been caught a criminal case
The best word to describe what you do to Hip Hop is 'rape'
'Cause you don't care about Hip Hop's fate
You sit around your tables and say grace
Eatin' steak, while you live like kings and treat kings like apes
For Michael Jackson money, and still on the take
Even Tevin Campbell's money, the greed is so great
You probably dance around your mansion, like Cirque Du Soleil
Everything is paid for, you don't have to pro-rate
I ain't hatin', I'm not hatin', I'm just sayin'
You makin' money off the next man's struggle. Why you can't pay him?
They made millions off them Beef DVDs
But didn't pay K-Solo or Eazy E
It's called Blaxploitation
Another one of Canibus' paranoid statements that's why I'm famous
I'm just tryin' to tell niggas how the game is
Beef in Hip Hop is just aimless entertainment
If I shoot you, I'm blameless, but if you shoot me, you famous
What's a nigga to do? Now ain't that the godamn truth
No matter what Hip Hop always lose!
Wake the fuck up

Canibus Lyrics

"Post Traumatic Warlab Stress"

(feat. DZK & Warbux)

[Canibus:]

I'm the black mutant of rap music, half human half Vladimir Putin
After plasma transfusion I became Rasputin
The master of translucence who lives in a green house
Creatin' green gas pollution, smokin' hash from hookahs
Before Lucifer sent me back to the future to smash computers
Assassinate classes of students, I spare those who show classic improvement
Produce magik acoustics, supreme music using dreams so lucid
I can visualize my future and chose it, I never abuse it
I'm ruthless but Canibus is super illumine
You know what? I read the blueprint
Sometimes it seems like my eyes are wide shut like Stanley Kubrick
Mic Club the Curriculum II,
I changed the name 'cause I ain't in business no more with you-know-who
He stole from Killah Priest too, his name rhymes with Clue
I found out the same time as you,
You know what happens when you come from dishonest roots
You put roots on me, I put roots on you
"We live in a free country"
That phrase is so fuckin' funny, we know freedom is based off the money
Resources to hide behind lawyers, it must be lovely
When nobody can touch your lunch meat
We brainwashed, we can't get these white collar stains off
Poor Bernard Madoff belongs in the graveyard
The stock market trade off doesn't pay off
We get laid off, the country spirals into chaos
I'm no genius, I know enough not to trust FEMA
Their vaccines give ya eczema of the penis
The Tuskegee Jesus verses a sneaky Tuskegee Demon
What you gon' do when you see this? !
The oldest religions, the coldest magicians
Transmittin' live from Hell with heat stroke symptoms
Symbicort is a success for those short of breath
Got to wait for the next check 'cause I can't afford it yet
DZK come slaughter the set, tell Warbux he got next
Post Traumatic War Lab Stress

[DZK:]

I always open wide like a great white, mouth full of steak knives
Chewin' through the sewer's main line 'til it drain dry
And when you're waist high in waste
I make planned attacks on every last base camp in your wasteland
I scheme for weeks and draft designs on how to craft my rhymes like a mastermind
Whether young or past your prime I'll eat you alive
Ain't no motherfucking reason to try, just die
Hope you're ready to run

I'll cut the tongue out of my son just to stay number one
No one will ever sit on my throne except my clone replica
Who will never be better than what they stole the genetics from
Gangbang, the beats we slang language
Which alleviates your teenage angst and break cages
Now we're runnin' through the streets with our leash off
Eatin' all your stray pets shittin' on your police cars
Cause' I'm a beast dog, you don't want no beef punk
Hit you with a meat log bigger than a tree trunk
I kick the shit that make you pee all in your jeans chump
Clean up after my show better bring a steam pump
I fuckin' breathe funk ain't no fuckin' Tic Tac existing
That's big enough to clean up this act you're trippin'
You cannot begin to comprehend, if you cross me
The position you'll all be in
This isn't battle rap, maggot, this is me with a battle axe
Swingin through your Cadillac imagine that
You fuckin' headless metal wreckage in the shattered glass
I give a fuck about your backpack and faggot ass
Dim those lights I'm kimbo Slice on a mic
But I don't lose none of my big pro fights
I just bruise dudes twice my size and crews move
When I maneuver through 'em smooth they know who's who
I clear the room with a sonic boom and nuclear plume
You should assume I ain't got a lotta provin' to do
I'm bring doom to musicians with a feminine groom
Kanye West, best believe I'm looking at you

[Warbux:]

Call it I'll by design, that's how to define us
Cause in the Warlab with me we got it down to a science
This is underground at it's finest
The most talented rhymers around
Shittin on all of you clowns and cowards who sign us
So go ahead you'll have hell of a time
Tryin' ta find a rapper with lines as compelling as mine
You talking about a fellow with the will to confine himself
To a cellar developing his rhymes for years to stay on his grind
This is Melatonin Magik
You wet behind the ears like playing telephone with faggots
So let em know, they spend an o and cellulose and acid
These heads will roll, we send 'em home in yellow woven baskets
The ninja rap stars just as explodes to the scene
My blades will cut up your back like a rowing machine
It could get ugly if they don't intervene
Cause I could make your life flash before your eyes like I'm throwing it beads
I'm incoherent or so it would seem
No I'm esoteric and don't care if you know what I mean, that's the spirit
Cause it's apparent if you took half of what passes for lyrics and compared them to mine
Hip hop should be fuckin' embarrassed
So did you really want to flow with the gods?
I'm too educated, haters couldn't cope with the odds
See I studied Biggie and Pac, Hova and Nas

Paganini and Bach, Beethoven and Brahms
You are now in the presence of a master musician
I craft my rap with the precision of a mathematician
Or a surgeon, performin' a thoracic incision
A magician escaping out of his shackles in prison
Before you could even finish saying oh my god
I'll spit a motherfuckin' verse to fill your whole ipod
I'm the rip the jacker prodigy
Motivated by the golden age of rap back in the older days
The incredible little fellow with rhythm and timing on instrumentals
The shit I've said in the rhyme could be considered a federal crime
Like blowin off your head with a 9
Anyone with a shred of intelligence could tell it's just ahead of it's time
I'm too sick, ain't even talking about the music
Keep my fuckin' name out of your mouth, need a toothpick?
You a little confused like who's this dude
"This is a W-A-R-B-U-X exclusive"
The underdog, like back in the bible with Noah's arc
To entrusted military titles to Joan of Ark
To Napoleon Bonaparte down to Rosa Parks
And the medics attempting rescue, breathin' on Owen Hart
This fucker 'Bux is the shit
So who really gives a fuck if he's busting a clip
In public drunk in the trunk of your whip
The diabolical, alcoholical, comically pharmaceutically phenominal
Product of poppin' pills
And you are not as I'll, check your doctors bill
I'm more dangerous in the streets than a toxic spill
Yo this is 50 bars of sickness
Consider it a Christmas gift to you 'Bis don't forget this

Canibus Lyrics

"Air Strike (Pop Killer)"

(feat. D12 & DZK)

[Sample from Tim Westwood interview: Eminem]

"If you're an MC and you mention my name in the wrong way
You draw first blood, I'm gonna come at you"

[Kuniva:]

War Lab, call us haters all you want
Fuck it call me a hater, full blown instigator
Leavin niggas on intubators breathin like Darth Vader
I hate people that pack guns but they don't bust 'em
Or bitches that come back to my room but they ain't fuckin
Pistol clutchin, the Dozen, you heard it don't get is misconstrued
Whatever we do'll hit the news once we get the tools

[Samples: Eminem]

You're an emcee and you mention my name
In the wrong way, and you draw first blood, I'm comin

[Canibus:]

You pushed D-12 to the side to sign Voltron 5
If Proof was alive he'd be dyin' inside
You ain't no hip-hop messiah, you a bitch, 'cause you dissed Mariah
Shit like that supposed to be private
I'm a fry you on behalf on Mariah and Michael
Put you back on them drugs, make you suicidal
You can't shut the record down, nigga it's vival
When you use the word 'nigga', just remember your idols

[DZK:]

I got a question, I'm white, can I join D12?
I'll sell you four million records then I'll tell you go to hell
Leave Swifty in charge, then remove all the stars
And make the group wish Bizarre shot pool in a bar
An assault lawyer stop the beat, suing us all
I really do hope you know who get involved
Cause I'm a fan and I'll get you for a Nick Cannon dissin
And you already know how fuckin sick Canibus is

[Swifty:]

I hate a bitch-ass nigga just as much as I hate fags
I love goin to war but I hate when they raise the flag
These niggas hittin the streets spittin venom on me
Then start renegin the beef, I hate peace treaties
Forever yo' enemy I increase beef as Amityville's finest
Cause I don't believe in stoppin violence
I'm a tyrant that'll snatch my respect and scam
I use a uzi cause I hate a Tec when it jams

I hate when dudes treat this like life a movie
Usin rap as his excuse to do shit and they only move ki's in the booth
I piss on niggas hands, whoever's grown, patches and tombstones
I hate 'em ass when I break into a home
I'm barefaced, I clap your cat, ramsack it
That's what I'm wearin black and I hate goin out the back
So call me a hater, walkin detonator, I ain't afraid
To stick this blade into your fade in front of spectators

[Samples: Eminem]

You're an emcee, big small it doesn't matter
No matter how big I get, I just want people to know

[Canibus:]

You the devil in a red dress on MTV
You sign more black people than a basketball team
What sou trying to say subconsciously? You can't rock the beat like me
Consciously you know I rock you to sleep
Slim Shady you a coward 'cause you scared to rap with me
The only black man you respect is 50
And the greatest of all time was dead right
You dead wrong, you shouldn't have even be on that song

[DZK:]

He fell off so hard this faggot broke his accent
I'm flippin through the channels seein Bruno get his ass sniffed
And I'm disgusted man, what the fuck is wrong with you?
Why'd you date Mariah? Mariah's not a fuckin dude
You never even saw her nude and you busted two
Must have been thinkin 'bout your stepdad touchin you
But that ain't nothin new, I asked your ugly crew
They verified it, so bitch quit lyin

[Canibus:]

I remember the first time we met, I ain't even liked you
Walkin' around my vido set like you was in high school
It must excite you seeing black people being tribal
That's why Dr. Dre signed you
I bet you right now you got a big rotten Rosenberg beside you
Trying to be just like your father, inside you
Your Stan android fanboys need to kill that noise
I know what you thinking... kill that boy

[DZK:]

We leavin Elvis funny money makin pelvis shattered
Let's see you square dance now, let's see you hold your bladder
Let's see you fire back Em where's the fire at it?
Suicide hotline time, go dial that
Put on that "8 Mile" hat and write a vile track
Get at some people that can actually diss you back
No more target practice on retarded actors
And pop stars, Marshall you're not hard

[Samples: Eminem]

Whatever happens to me in this game
I've always got my ear to the street

[Canibus:]

Rengade Schemenegade, you pink like lemonade
I've been better than you before Genesis was made
You ain't better than Black Thought, you ain't better than Mos Def
You ain't better than Canibus, Professor Griff Hotep
So renegade Schemenegade, you pink like lemonade
I penetrate through Hailey's Comet with metal blades
Yeah! You and I both know why I'm saying this
I hope Whoo Kid get fired for playing this

[Bizarre:]

Get off, Nikolai Volkoff, mazeltov
Ready to show off, fo'-fo'll blow your do' off
Blowin off steam, goin off the beam
Let the 9 sing, bitch this ain't a dream
Bitch I'm the king, color me bad
Skinny jeans, what happened to the sag? You makin me mad
Y'all a bunch of JJ Fags, now who the fuck is bad?
Motherfucker I'm bad!
Call me a hater

Canibus Lyrics

"Fraternity Of The Impoverished"

(feat. Professor Griff)

[Canibus:]

Fraternity of the Impoverished
Knowledge this, knowledge this

The vocalist beast, knowledge like the pope in this piece,
You think the ocean is deep? Fuck with me!
Unbelievable bars, unbeatable odds,
Unspeakable horrors at a unperceivable cost
Your unagreeable response lacks thought and human heart
This is Lyrical Law, it's what I make the music for
My prayers are simple, my forehead is layered with wrinkles
Because of all the hardships that I've been through
Symbolic Hip Hop prophet speak to your subconscious
Fringe politics got the public thinking the opposite
I'm a hypo-lyrical spontaneous alchemical
Elite neo-liberal child of the indigo
Drilling holes through the Faraday cages of your brains
Then I implant the arcane image of Saint Germaine
High lyrical exponent intelligence quotient
When I'm focused I can engage multiple opponents
But I won't if, I have no motive, "Soldier be careful, it's loaded!"
Verbose with emotions of psychosis
In case you didn't notice when I wrote it,
I'm spitting lyrics fitting in tighter spaces than outer-space roaches
A real MC don't have to do what he don't wanna do
And that includes freestyling in front of you
It's not like something gone change,
It's not like the whole world gone start praising my name - I stay in my lane
I'd rather die by living brave then live like a slave
I'd rather be broke then be fake and get paid
These layers of physicality challenge me
My soul is gold and it's the only thing that's able to balance me
My energy body has a alchemical copy that looks godly
Not fat, out of shape, and sloppy
The iller the rhymes the more that I embody
Vilified when real recognize real - I gets mines
Stand with the underdog - don't be a coward
Stop dickriding people for their money and power!
Even an American flag says 'Made in China'
The national debt says the US is a vagina
Of a black widow spider spraying blood out like a geyser
Why do we lose everything we fight for?
Fathers, mothers, sons, daughters
In the land of the lawless, sacrificed before Horus
The Inca, the Aztecs, the Mayans, were masters
A new beginning is coming - the irony is classic

The potential of life versus the potential of death
Either way you go through mad mental stress
God forbid for you, for her, or him
We ignored the gems now we gotta do it all again
We failed Hip Hop's laws and brought down shame upon our cause
Now we will fall upon our swords
The Shaman pays homage to Solomon
He orders them to send the witchdoctor in, then asked me to rhyme again
Every now and then I get retarded and spit
I would like to apologize to every artist I dissed
Everybody assumes that I wanna rhyme but I don't
Sometimes I just wanna chill and watch you flow
Mysteries of the cathedral, the dark overlords are evil
Ripped out the vocal cords of the people
I walk up to your bed side disguised with red eyes
And tell you to remember these rhymes
This is the season of Hip Hop believe it or not,
I lined it up with the planet's equinox

Canibus Lyrics

"Dead By Design"

(feat. Professor Griff)

[Professor Griff:]

Canibus

Throwing melanated molotov cocktails
Engineer directly out of Full Sail
Ripping the jacker, ain't nobody nastier
Spitting and grabbing facts and data to enhance ya
Canibus the lyrical adjective killer

[Canibus:]

My Melatonin Magik is enhanced by the melatonin tablets
Come take a walk with Canibus
Ardipithecus Ramidus, what the fuck is Melatonin Magik Bis?
I still ain't understanding this shit
Okay, my brain is a microchip
My two balls with a cane is a macro-dick, I rap so sick
I created swine PLOO out of an infinite mix
You tried to diss but can't even spit, you just stand there and wish
With your hand on your hips, man you a bitch
Who the fuck is you to criticize a lyrical king
You see, that's my problem, I spit a thousand bars y'all was silent
I ain't heard nothing about it
I had to give you three years to recognize
And then I realized, can't nobody even fuck with my rhymes
The Internet is an early telepathic building set
My lyrics are international nuclear missile threats
The blogosphere is where you vent frustration and discontent
But children don't understand the concept of consequence
So yes, it's immature to express disrespect
But no I will not accept what the media says
They are the reason we are being mislead
There are forces above them that feed off our stress, suffering and debt
I am Dead by Design, 'cause nobody tells me what to rhyme
I make up my own fucking mind
There are more of us than them
But at the same time they are gods and we are just mortal men
Thirteen levels above 33, let me say it again
They are gods and we are just mortal men
I cannot imagine their power
They put a black family in the White House just so they can take away ours
You tryna to plan a great escape? You're a coward
They gon' make us march into a gas chamber make us think we're taking a shower
Mommies and babies is crying
The children of Zion belong to Skynet, nobody knows who's behind it
So if you don't care, fine then, I don't care either
But I ain't spineless like you, I'm a true believer
In the metaphysical ether, you listening to the lyrical reaper

The spiritual teacher, empirical speaker
 After this album they gon' call me a leader
 But I'm not, Killuminati just gon' murder me like Pac
 Blood sacrifice or not, I don't even wanna be alive
 If it's like that, then fuck Tiamat
 You can laugh at my appearance
 Well fuck you for standing there staring, fuck everything on this planet
 Including the evil spirits, notwithstanding the aliens
 Acting like they don't hear us, there's no need to fear us
 Just come down and help us, I love James Brown more than I love Elvis
 But that don't mean I'm selfish
 Soft but hard on the outside like shellfish
 Crispy, crunchy, black crawling out of Hell's pit
 You scream for hardcore, I felt it
 But what you gon' do when they kill me on some Eminem and L shit?
 You won't do a motherfucking thing
 'Cause let me tell you why, you a coward and you don't know shit
 'Cause if my Brothers stand next to me, the energy expands collectively
 The world was never ready for me
 And they ain't ready for their own freedom neither, they perish from the heater
 The fire breathers crawl out of their cage to eat 'em
 Like thin crust pizza, Cthulhu creatures with rough features
 Jeepers creepers, good luck with Jesus
 How many meters? Reload and squeeze it
 I run up in the Vatican with demons, just to get even
 That's where the biggest demon is
 It's no secret, but nobody else sees it, so they won't believe it
 But that's when I calm back down, the key word is back down
 I got possessed by my own raps, wow
 Knock knock, who's home? The black Dan Brown
 I didn't mean what I said, please don't kill me now
 My ghostwriter's not around, plus it was just a freestyle
 But at least I got better beats now
 Meanwhile, motherfuckers still mad, I feel bad
 I'd apologize but you acting like a real fag
 What the fuck I'm supposed to feel like?
 Twelve years later I still don't get acknowledged for shit that I write
 But I don't want to talk to you now
 It'd be a motherfucking miracle if you even see me walking around
 They still ask me about 'Second Round' even now
[Interviewers voice] Canibus can you tell us of what happened again? - Look at this fucking clown
 Can't get over it, they ask me a loaded question
 And act like I'm the one that's promoted it, hang up on 'em
 You a cyborg unit with no soul to it
 Stupid surrogate, twelve years later I'm on some other shit
 And so is the whole world, look at the mother ships
 And so is the whole world, look at the mother ships

[Professor Griff:]
 After this album they gon' call me a leader but I'm not
 The Illuminati just gon' kill me just like they did Pac
 Blood sacrifice or not
 It's Professor Griff the ex-minister

Signing out

Canibus Lyrics

"Only Slaves D.R.E.A.M."

Do you think that the powers that be
Are goin' to let you do what you want to do for eternity?
Of course you don't, so what do you fear?
Why you spazzin' out, why you so scared?
Everybody wanna be first, nobody wants to be last
Do you think a God that created this would watch all of us die while others just laugh?
What happens when the money system crash?
And there's no more value in the cash?
You gon' suck dick and sell ass?
You gon' try to fight back with' ya hands?
You probably gon' change your money into gold
You gon' use that to try and buy soul
Buy some drugs with it, buy a peice of hole
Don't tell me, I don't wanna know
You need to come up with a better plan
The Devil smash metal weapons like glass
Right now we out-matched and out-classed
We have to stay on a spiritual path
'Cause in the absence of love we blastin' one another with blood
Media shows up to capture the buzz
I'm a child of God and a rapper from the gutter
I'm six of one and half a dozen of the other
This is not one of those 'I told you so' moments
This is just Canibus being open
Lower egoic minds brush aside
But can't nullify the high science that is coming from the rhymes
I couldn't believe it the day that I was told
That every person alive does not have a soul
And is not in control of these cotton pickin' bowls
Politicians declare the war of attrition on the globe
And stole all the fishin' holes
Grandma got the chitlins on the stove,
That'll overload the senses in your nose
Young folk can't even afford to get old
How many Youtube views before you go gold?
How many albums last week you sold?
How many leak downloads?
Oh, you still believe in Soundscan, bro?
Don't be discouraged
Write and produce and record and you love it
This is your Art, and that's the point of it
When you get paid from it, things change people behave stubborn
And say rude things to judge it
They want you to thug it, so they can have you like a test subject
Handcuffed and take mug shots of it
I told you before I'm nobodies spit puppet
I say what I want, you take what you want from it

This is a social experiment put on by the public
Hip Hop is completely corrupted
You ain't rappin' 'bout that, you ain't rappin' 'bout nothin'
I ain't never gon' starve, I been white tail huntin'
Ya'll motherfuckers is buggin', speakin' with no substance
Hip Hop's the way it is because of you cousin
It ain't my fault, you locked me out of it
99 percent of my fans ain't nothin'
But scumbag, scumbuckers, blood suckin', cock fuckers
My lyrics too advanced for the average block hustler
You know my name, I'm deeply inspired
On a mountain lion meat diet, eat and be quiet
Recycle the fire and deep fry it
That line is hot, but you said it before, you get a C-
My shit is timeless like the Great Wall of China
Sick in the biggest way like a dinosaur virus
Spreadin' through Verizon Wireless
Homeland Securities tryin' it, just to see if you lyin' Bis
They step to me, never thought it would happen like this
You a flight risk, we need that microphone back Bis
Diversionary tactics, Magik madness
Canibus, you can't leave this miserable prison planet, God damnit
We don't care what you're fans think
'Cause 99 percent of all of the don't exist
The observer changes the properties of the observed
This is done with your mind, not with your words
Word? Yeah, I'm about to show you nerds
You book worms really startin' to get on my nerves
I can't talk like you, but I can understand you
I know what this entire ordeal can expand to
I love Hip Hop, I've always been a fan too
I'm a big fan of everything you do
I appreciate the purchases, the online searches
I hope you enjoy the verses, it was great to be of service
This was always my purpose
I'm always workin' to be a better person everyday
And still growin' like the Earth is
Peace to the Gods and the Earths, kid

Canibus Lyrics

"Ripperland"

(feat. The Goddess Psalm One)

[Psalm One]

They told me I'm few and far between like oasis to the wilderness
I'm still a mess but I climb it like a duplex
Oooh yes! Baby I'm gritty and I'm Fabolous
I'm pretty stupid, dumb enough to ask a fella "Can-I-Bus?"
I ran, I rushed, I played it like a cello string
Barely get hellos in the morning but we wrestling
AM to the PM I'm preparing for the execution
Stop bein sexist cause you weak as hell (I'm gonna do this fo' sho')
I got the tent up in my hood with the chicken and the tater salad
Listen and you'll make it past this
Christian name, not quite a Christian rapper
Wait until I'm finished, make yo' silly comments after
Grown woman, not quite a girl rapper
You only bustin open a book, learn the chapters
Rapid fire comes the path to ghetto life
And that's word to LP, I sleep when you fertilized
I'm a, street talker, ghetto chemist
You ain't a starter; I ain't finished
Look at me boy, in my eyeballs
You ain't pullin shit! This is my stall
I'm a beauty, I'm a beast
I'm as stingy as I wanna be, I'ma fest
You're a fish in a school of whales
And baby school won't be the only thing you fail, you fail

[Chorus: Psalm One]

I'm a, street talker, ghetto chemist
You ain't a starter; I ain't finished boy
You only bustin open a book, learn the chapters [2X]

[Canibus]

There once was a boy, his name was Jack
He changed it to Rip so that he could rap
There were those who observed to memorize what they heard
They enjoyed the rhymes and the sounds of the words
Such glorious poetry interwoven into code
Rip had written something that would never grow old
On the night of the Ripper's Eve
Little boys and girls would sit with crossed knees and begin to read
about lights in the sky, little green men with big eyes
Their short size is only a disguise
Sipping hot cocoa slow in the middle of the snow
If you can spit a flow, then off to Ripperland we go
Any +Quantum of Solace+ is brolics, Germaine Bond is modest
I wrote my first doctorate in confinement

Between the choices I have made and choices made for me
Reminds me of a story I should tell you in the morning
I moistened my fingers and turned the page
I must say, you're very sophisticated for your age
I'm amazed you never have to be told to behave
You raise your hand to speak and respond to your name
I remember... the day I had changed
The way I was struck by lightening in the rain
Maybe some other time I'll tell you what I became
I can tell you that I've waned in the pain of my shame
It is written in books and carved into skin
It is etched into every metaphor from within *[echoes]*

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

Canibus Lyrics

"Stomp On Ya Brain"

(feat. Journalist)

[Intro/Chorus: Canibus]

"If you can't walk the walk," nah don't even try it
When I'm wired, I spit fire
And come stomp on your brain, brain, brain...

[Verse 1: Canibus]

Yo! What about hip-hop, is so interesting?
Emcees battle for respect, it's intensive
Spit rhymes while I shimmy up the cliff side
Before you ask why I'm tryin to show you where Rip died
The questions give me more insight into your mind
than them whack rhymes I hear you recitin all the time
Restore and re-establish it, revive it, revamp it
Refresh yourself with something organic, and mechanic
Verses be so strong they are generally interpreted wrong
Prone to correspond their responses from the songs
Mr. Motherfuckin Know-It-All, bet you ten gold banola bars
I'm smarter then those fifth graders are
The writing technique is from a lion-headed beast
Sciatic nerve got me spittin automatic words
Ideas eliminated in the order they were created
amid specative language about how I even made it
Rebel without a cause, spittin ten billion bars
to the cold corpse cellophane wrapped on the floor
There's more, I declare war, bomb 'em!
Pound after pound I come stomp on 'em

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Journalist]

We bite without barkin, you just a target
I shot darts and stomp on your brain in Doc Martins
with boats shoes, so crude, my pardon
Soon as the clock startin, show moves I got from old dudes
who used to smoke Kools by the carton
Set fire to you, I'm the arson
Was clappin at cats, before they applauded for John Carson
Anybody with good sense, know the footprints
solemn leads is from the Air Max 93's
'til everything you see is Siamese
I've been stompin since chicks from Martin was buyin reeds
We stomp on your cane, and sell it to niggaz
The niggaz stomp on your brain
Who wanna tangle with the black orangutang?
I came to bang, it ain't a thang
Name a name he'll be history

Nothin more than a mystery, a Stephen King novel
Either they ain't been watchin or they need a clean goggle
to follow the footsteps of the T Rex, detect
whoever leap next from a speed jet without a parachute
Turn you into carrot soup troop

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Canibus]

The duck-billed dino was eaten by the eighty ton rhino
A very long time ago
Soul, rock and roll, RTJ double-oh
Now you know nigga, lock and load
How can I create the right sentence to help explain
how it feels when a whack emcee rhymes for Germaine?
Don't be a water brain, make you spit your rhymes in quarantine
Put you up against War Machine
Sixty second rounds, keep your metaphors clean
Sleepwalk when I dream, spit Listerine green
The (Microphone Fiend) on the scene
Call on them scream, he might break you off a sixteen
Laser beam lyrics comin at you at an altered speed
The (Altered Beast) don't pause for the beat
This is lyrical law, you will be among the first to compete
to run, walk or crawl over beats
The goal is too tall to reach, can't touch the Spit Boss' feet
You pole vault into a wall of defeat
I love Biggie cause I know what he means
When he told you, "It was all a dream"

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"Beat Butcher Get Em"

(feat. Jaecyn Bayne, Son One & Chopp Devize)

[Canibus]

Yeah, Melatonin Magik

Jaecyn Bayne, Son One, Chopp Devize, Canibus *[echoes]*

[Verse 1]

Undergod soldier, runnin off toastin
A notebook and vocals, a smidge overdosin
Even when the D-boy system not coastin
You hear my spoken better than when Rae lost his focus
Crystalized opiate to victimize opponents
With addictive lines coated in, snares and some solar hits
Motive is to sew up in ya, dopest with a doper grit
Son, Can-I, and I, Pai Mai's chosen men
Transcontinental connisseurs of the art of war
Knockin off non-essential artists which ya shoppin for
The buck stops when I step in the voicebox
and unload bars like they're several joy shots
Yellow light caution, my melatonin's archin
Sleep on me, and I'ma get to sleep stalkin
Technicians of lyrics, racketeering of sound
that'll surely be your last at your burial grounds

[Verse 2]

Ayyy! Get 'em, metaphorically speaking, this set of bars
is lettin off 'til several squads is deaded and weakened
or probably beheaded and beaten, severed and leakin
I get it, started like before I parted I settled in Eden
But evolved over the course of time
More was just forced to fall off course for the shine (yeah!)
I'm the ultimate, no alternate
Swords can give, darts with tips, dipped in arsenic
Most sound like nothin like after me
Track murdered the graveyard's bustin at the seams
(When I crush) like a nug out of the bag of the trees
To be honest, your rhymes sound like rotten to me (word)
I'm the sun, I'm the rise, and the fall
When I die and collapse the whole sky'll dissolve
(Yeah) And I fight for the cause
You should say my name first when describin the boss

[Verse 3]

Put up your laptop break the boombox plug your infantry your iPod
No need for tough talk, or rockin up in the streets with Krylon
Hip-Hop is not forgotten, its been watered down like *[?]*
Tick tock me wavin the timebomb, blowin it up so it don't die off
That's why I'm on the job with balls to supercharge your ions

I be the icon you read about in multiple [?]
Consulted by God, still open the third eye like I'm a cyclops
To keep my mind strong, I memorize entire rhyme blogs
Emcees try hard, but many just get sunk like a battleship
And missin a bunch of requirements like [?] an asterisk
Fact or fiction I can't tell the difference when half of these rappers spit
Ignorant, I bet they don't even know what the meaning of whackness is
You actually think you're good, sorry man, your talent is absent kid
I guess them folks won't ever be dope no matter how much they practice it
Illy inject the game with passion, puttin an end to the abstinence
There's so many things for you to fathom but for now it's class dismissed

[Canibus]

(Get 'em!) As we proceed to emcee
Keep it real recognize the skills over the beat
Hold up, don't shine your boots up, you still suck
You can't rhyme like this, unless you rhymin with US
Fuck the questions~! Find out for yourself
You got to find out who you help
Service to brothers, service to others, service to self
There's no way to tell
Even if you got a mic in your grill
You wanna sell? It's got nothin to do with bein ill
I rock bells with a glass of water and a melatonin pill
Put your soul into a spell, stay still
The universe movin at a pace, perhaps it'll all be revealed
For me this all happened because of a record deal
For you, this happened because of what you all feel
And now nobody can copy me, I am my own technology
You pay homage to me electronically
One out of three speak about they flawed philosophies
Betrayal, that is the cause of all hypocrisy
We are livin in the garden of technocracy
I am my own technology, ten thousand G
What's the weight of a light beam? Ask Killah Priest
He gon' tell you that your soul is not ready to be released
I'm a king with a slave's pair of feet, a flat-footed freak
I walk around hooded in the streets
Lookin for beats, the djinn creep lookin for beef
They lookin for the emcees with the invisible speech
So do not even look up at what you are beneath
Just stare straight ahead and pretend you're on the beach
My breathing becomes labored after they shock me with a taser
I fell to my knees then they shot me with a laser
Beat Butcha, one thousand bar street pusher like that
Snap, spring coil tap, release trigger
Melatonin Magik, metal drones with payload attachments
Shoot me in the head 'til I stop rappin
Jaecyn Bayne, Son One, Propane Germaine
One day I'm a show you what we all made
Melatonin Magik, the golden child chanted
Daddy, the cell phone got too much static
Melatonin Magik is now trackin all known air traffic

Unknown traffic, just red flag it
Melatonin Magik, go to sleep, do not panic
The heart of your soul is in the planet
Melatonin Magik, turn your face to the left you maggot
Don't look at me unless you want a challenge
(Get 'em!) Architect, Chopp Devize
Reverse polarity, optic eyes in the skies
Melatonin Magik for minds like mines
like mines, like mines, like mines

Canibus Lyrics

"Do It Live!"

(feat. Blaq Poet, Skarlet Rose & Presto)

[Bill O'Reilly]

"I can't do it... we'll do it live"
"WE'LL DO IT LIVE, FUCK IT!" "Do it live!"
"Look, I'll write it and we'll do it live!"
"Fucking thing SUCKS!"

[Blaq Poet]

It's a slaughter nigga, Mickey & Mallory style
Y'all niggaz is dead, and people callin me foul
Cross you off the list, and chuck you over in a pile
Let's get this shit settled, right here and right now
I got this hard shit, in a smash
I'm about the cash; stop lookin nigga, I'm the last
motherfucker you gon' meet like this
Turn your day pitch black, like I clicked the light switch
The beat is nickle plated, one up in the chamber
In the clip the remainder, blastin off in anger
The Blaq Monsta, strike like the black mamba
Have y'all motherfuckers runnin home to your momma
Stay in yo' fuckin place, you know that I'm the ace
If not, get the taste smacked out your fuckin face
Everything I say, I mean it
I'm the black motherfucker, straight outta Queensbridge

"We'll do it live"

[Skarlit Rose]

Streets is gritty, drama in the city
We askin God for mercy but he showin you no pity
You're hopin for a miracle, when your faith is cynical
The only thing that matter to you is if you had your pistol full
Sit back, uncontrolled rages
Over y'all taxes, playin on different stages
Rotten lives, speeches be contagious, who we are
Cats who die, they don't make it too far
We're quick to talk about things we shoulda done and never did it
Things we started, and never finished
We watch our children look at us with empty wishes
They growin up with no restrictions, I wonder why
Miscommunications, across the great states
Blood flows down heaven's gates as we await our torturous fates
Crimson, for all to see
But only those with knowledge seem to see it biblically
It's a harsh reality, placed in wise mentality
Unholy matrimones, your true voice is true phonies
Shadows creepin while you're sleepin

Young widows weepin, trustin these cats when you meet them
This teach men before they descend
Enter Nostradamus philosophy well fuck that, listen to my prophecy
Well your blood run, now you're enemies
You choose your path, now face your penalties
No more gettin high, and drinkin Hennessy
It's a new world ordered, not meant for humanity

[Presto]

I got that hazardous flow kids sniff with various cokeheads
Y'all cats are halfway out the closet like Mario Lopez
My infallible flow is sicker than subliminal phallic symbols
of Walt Disney motion picture posters
Sac section rises, sick as Opus, fixin the focus
The scope of the magnum at whichever nigga's standin the closest
Your amateur flow is not compatible to my notes its
like Kanye I snatch your mic for thinkin that you so swift
The magical melatonin omen roamin in the wide open
Breast strokin in the fiery ocean, token on cyanide
When I was smokin, I saw both of my eyes explodin
Mind frozen with bad breath from goin into ketosis
Nebaru geneticists, medieval torture methods
Military weapons, botchilist, decoding Hebraic messages
Nuyorican native, reincarnated, in the form of Satan
The ladies, in a meditative state, sedated
Inundated with the latest, my speech is upgraded
Y'all niggaz ain't seein me, like the thong on Aretha Franklin
Why am I so lyrical? Cause your rhymes are limited
like a cockeyed cyclops who loses periphreal
Attack mics, split backs like the passion of Christ
My passion for what I write is like a massive appetite

[Canibus]

The appetite of Megaladon, pumping steroids in his arm
His upper torso is bigger than yours
Brave men will die, women will cry over the genocide
But don't cry, dry.. your eye
My left brain twenty percent, my right brain is more than that
My pituitary gland is on crack
That's why they barely understand where I'm at
And while I rap, they say it's whack
It's not wise to react, why is that?
Cause consciously I'm black, subconsciously I'm darker than that
The most controversial artist in rap
When I step with my lyrics, I force them to fall back
I was wounded in combat, and still crawled back ("Do it live!")
Do it right the first time, I don't ever have to do it again
Unless I rehearse it again and again
Rotating floating spheres like clockwork rotating gears
Counter-clockwise collating what you hear
Over here, don't repeat what you heard, just remember what you learned
Remember the last time you got burned
Qualitative analysis is not enough to quantify Canibus

But do it live if you think you can handle this
[gunshot fires]

Canibus Lyrics

"Sharpshootaz Blazin' Caps"

(feat. K-Solo, Born Son, Willie Dynamite & Maintain)

[Canibus]

Sharp fangs! Sharpshootaz... sharpshootaz
The poem is dolioform
I arm wrestle you with my polio arm in a rodeo barn
Nowadays I see emcees get on stage
They look like parakeets in a cage
Grab the mic like they afraid to palm it
'til I bomb it, the LRADs lace the target
The firearm long like fist-to-earmpit
Sergeant Sharpshoota, a gifted marksman
Sip sake, rip the mic nigga watch me
The kamikaze, Benihana your body
Sour posses show up to your party
Everybody go home now, put your microphone down
Go boil some water, I'ma hold him down
Interrogation techniques, I'ma show you how
I'ma ask you two times, then after that
I'ma roll you a blunt with a blasting cap
You understand what I'm sayin? Your man's not playin
You'll be twenty-one grams lighter after the weigh-in
Sharpshootaz aimin, wolfgang came in to bang him
Demo'd the nigga, then Maintain sprayed him

[Maintain]

Yeah I sprayed him, it was strictly biz
The way I laid him to rest yo it wasn't cause I hated him
His bars were sendin him off, he was lost
Now he's, six feet deep payin the cost
Yo my enemies are unfit; they keep movin
like they don't know I'm too strategic for this dumb shit
You're hopin that I fail; but the race is been won
But they don't know that because they slower than a snail
It's too easy, but I don't feel guilty
Cause if the slowpokes had it their way they would kill me
Now how real is this situation that I stay in
And when does a Sharpshoota got time for playin?
My whole team aimin them red beams, it's no games
It takes me no brains to leave you with no brains
I got you so pegged this is so unfair
You should start prayin to the man upstairs
Cause really all I gotta do is cock and squeeze
And your brain's on the ground lookin like cottage cheese
While I'm in the trees with top notch emcees
Sharin brilliant ideas and philosophies about
how we're gonna stack this money and lounge
In the town there's a whole lot of nothin around

Try to stop the process, and I'm huntin you down
to put your faggot ass in front of the ground, now fuck around

[Chorus: Canibus (K-Solo)]

The Sharpshootaz, it's the Sharpshootaz
Blastin at the blastin cap, bomb unit
It's the Sharpshootaz, it's the Sharpshootaz
Nothin but sharp fangs, paws and claws, let's do this!
(It's the Sharpshootaz! It's the Sharpshootaz!)
(If it's a mission that we on you know I mapped it out)
(It's the Sharpshootaz! It's the Sharpshootaz!)
(My whole team'll have you street dudes tappin out)

[Willie Dynamite]

Yo, me fall off in the game, picture that!
You got beef in the street? And need heat?
Call your man I get you that
I got small ones that go pop pop, and click clack
And big ones strong enough to push a bus back (BOOM!)
And I still ain't forgot what you said nigga
I'm down to turn that white tee you rockin
into a ketchup bed
When the slugs, catch up, to yo' head
Hip-Hop you dead a closet casket you gon' rock instead
So tell your mans ain't no need for sendin flowers and shit
When I'm on the fiends come through and devour the shit
The block is dry, leave it up to us to shower the shit
You got beef, I slide through and Twin Tower your shit
Dynamite, I'll harass you niggaz
Like pullin your shorts down in front of chicks
I'll embarrass you niggaz
Actin like you John Gotti, we'll see how gangster you are
when you find pieces of your son's body
I fucked around and ate his lunch, now he got his hands full
holdin his head and legs in the trunk
The chick I'm with, I ain't hearin the bitch
I'm rockin Sharpshooter shit, lookin for the next gear to switch

[Born Sun]

Aiyyo I squeeze on emcees like bullets never-ending
Leave the machine smokin while the terror still spinnin
Mujahadeen from Queens, an Arabian God
Suicide bomb your squad screamin Allahu Akbar
Hell gon' unleash release for beast wars
Mad rapper with a backpack strapped with C4
Barack Obama that popped the llama
And bodily harm ya, shots penetrate your armor
The young Yaphet Kotto in the dojo blowin 'dro
Clappin the fo'-fo', wanted for murderin the flow
Crazy muh'fucker I'm sick, it's been known
Rhymes retarded and bars is downs syndrome
I'm top raised to hit front page, up center stage
with the gauge, that'll remove your hips from your legs

Back crackin vertabrae, attack and murder prey
Don't ever war with Sun, I swore I thought I heard him say

[Chorus]

[K-Solo]

None of you niggaz in the block want beef
You get slammed on your face like you fightin Tito Ortiz
Plus I, wreck shop, your man'll hear your neck pop
I do your whole clique with a 8 ball in a sweatsock
I draw the line, cross it, you get shot
My wolves'll leave the mountain and scatter the whole block
I get the Mac out, splatter the whole block
Come mad a whole lot, I said it to get it hot
I wrote it so when I quote it I spit it, went POP
You can disrespect me but not when I'm holdin the glock
I paint my name on your back like connect the dot
And YO! I'll get that movement in your neck to stop
These motherfuckers know the fuckin deal
See I don't fuckin sleep, you know my fuckin hand be on the steel
Quick with ammo, come equipped
when I squeeze the infra from the hip *[echoes]*

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"Gold & Bronze Magik"

(feat. Bronze Nazareth & Copywrite)

[Bronze Nazareth]

They can't do shit with me like a custom model Tyson
A herd of wild bison trying to get that cake without the icing
Can't stop the poison, empty glass in intestine
I'm destined to rest in the Sun, weed in the Westin
Pulitzer Prize priceless verses is in the resting
A new bible, witness tribal wars for block titles
Vital organs stop, subtle
Fiends like they're lions, when they get around the rock and huddle
Undertake, bodies ungulate, under earthly underlays
Unachieved summaries, no open warranties
Cuz my flow is never broken like a pregnancy
When I speak they'd rather see polluted clouds rain Hennessey
Take you with no receipt like dope traffic currency
Uninsured surgery when under my knife
Some paid with a briefcase, some paid with their life
My home sticks is Baghdad under U.S. plane strikes
It's a useless vein tap with an empty syringe
Injecting wind into the blood flow, sip ether and grim
Smoke secrets from burning circles, sour diesel and singe
The cloak, the grim reaper, creeping, sneaking, you in

[Chorus 2X: sample from Bonnie Dobson "Milk and Honey"]

Round and round, the burning circle
All the seasons: one, two, and three

[Copywrite]

Yeah, I see it, yo, yo, uh-huh
C-write, give it a little umph!
Yeah, O dot Megahertz, you already know what it is
Axe, inseminate the place, 614
Yeah, you know what they say?

Behind my back they say he's very arrogant
But they air they're inhaling in isn't there to sniff
Dare to whiff and I'm tearing the air to get from where it is
There's a chicken hailing and I'm tearing it through her pair of tits
There's a kid, my fist is impaling him through his pair of ribs
From a kamikaze, crazy bomber, drama like Shady's mama
Fucking with bitches ugly as Biggie's baby's mama
And I stay, mismatched to the socks
Bitch laughed, said my name's dispatched to the cops
Stitched patch on my crotch reads: "Kiss me I'm Irish"
My click be the flyest, don't, excuse me, I'm biased
But try us and lose the cocky smile, who could stop me now?
When I'm right on the money like the illumanti owl

If I'm off a DJ mixed my accappella wrong
Mozzarella's long enough to buy the rights to every Roc-a-fella song
I'm lying, but not when I'm rhyming, my stock is hella long
Too hot to mail a song, the mailman said he thought I mailed a bomb
Rain, sleet, snow or hail, I'm smoking well
Granted you'd think I was Spanish how wet I rolled an L
To where they meet it, or see the chocha, I'm living la vida loca
I'm Peter the chiba smoker, no reason to cease the dolja
Breathing a leaf, Jesus, I've seen crows from beneath the roses
That sweet aroma could wake Pete old cold from deepest coma
But know the skills' on over kill until I reach the repear's quota
Put him out of business then hire him for cheap to clean the sofa
Ends with the bones of Barbosa, flow's well written
No help given, I'm self-driven like a chauffer
Still spitting that crazy shit, you don't like it?
You could suck a fat baby's dick while it's dad babysits

[Chorus 2X]

[Canibus]

Melatonin Magic MC
One, two and three...

You are the reflection of an illusion, you do not exist
What you feel is real, everything else is a script
That they wrote for me, I hallucinate creepy crawlies
Rhyming is a hobby, you can't even talk to me
DJ's, radio stations, millions of listeners are prisoners
Their salvation is not your business
Canibus spit when Canibus wanna spit shit
Got that? Don't let me have to tell you again
The western world is spiritually sterile, in great peril
We in the concrete jungle, where they spank Abe with the metal
I rhyme for the betterment of the culture
I don't spit no hot sixteens for promotion
Or corporate vultures who act like they own us
Self-expression is our birthright, not a bonus
Hip-hop can govern, come together and show the whole world something
The voices of the not so beloved...

[Chorus 2X]

[Canibus]

Melatonin Magic MC
One, two and three...
I spit it 'til I'm free

This is lyrical law
The golden flame turns the gold bars into bronze
It draws upon magic from the stars
This is one more storming of lyrical law
If everything is in good order, I spit some more
The moral of the story is this: don't get pissed

Because your upbringing was strict, cuz life is a gift
You've got food to eat, you've got teeth to eat it with
Shoes on your feet, don't be conceited, be content
Even when you lose, think about what you did to win
If you did the best that you can, you did a good thing
But you shouldn't smoke weed if you swim
Don't buy assault rifles, don't fight dogs, don't hit your girlfriend
Don't mix cocaine with unprescribed medicine
And don't say it's over if you plan to do it again
With that said, sleep tight tonight when you go to bed
This is Public Service Announcement 2010

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Canibus]

The Melatonin Magik MC
One, two and three...
Come sit with me, come sit with me...